

## Children's Department.

### FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

So far we have no letters from the little folks for the paper. We will therefore tell you something about the Sunday school lesson for August 18. The title of the lesson is,

#### THE NEW HOME IN CANAAN.

The Israelites had come to the country of Moab on the east side of the river Jordan, opposite to Jericho. Moses was one hundred and twenty years old. He was not to enter the promised land with the people, and so he spoke his last words to them. He told them how they must live in their new home in Canaan. He said, "There is but one God, and you must love him with all your heart, and soul, and might. You must teach your children all the laws I have given you. You must bind these laws upon your hands, and between your eyes, and write them upon your door posts." He meant that their every-day life must be ruled by these laws. Then Moses said, when God should bring them into the promised land and they had houses full of good things, and had wells, vineyards, and olive trees, and when they had eaten of the good things of the land and were full, they must be careful not to forget the Lord who had brought them out of Egypt. They must love and serve God, and not worship the false gods of the people around them in Canaan, for God is not willing that any one should worship any other God but him. If the Israelites should go after idols, God would be displeased and would punish them. Moses knew that these people could not enjoy the good things God would give them in the promised land, unless they loved and served only the true God. We can never be truly happy, and really enjoy the good things God has given us, unless we love and obey him and are careful always to please him.

Here is a story that is intended to help you understand the lesson.

#### A SHORT RULE FOR A SHORT MEMORY.

"Beware lest thou forget the Lord!" said mamma, sending the children out to play after saying their Sunday-school lesson:

"Say, Jimmy, let's have a cruise in the yacht," said May.

The children always said "yacht," though it was only a little flat bottomed boat that they had to go out in, and their cruise was close alongshore in the quiet little river at the foot of the wide green

meadows back of the house. Of course there was a wide stream with a current in the middle of it, but then they were never supposed to go far enough out to find the current.

"All right," said Jimmy, and ran for the oars. May got her youngest dolly, that had seemed ailing for a day or two and needed change and fresh air, and mamma made her take an umbrella to keep the sun off if it came down too hot, and off they started.

Oh, what a lovely ride they had! Jimmy had strong arms that could row better than any boy on the river, and they had two or three races with other "yachts" of about the build of their own vessel, and Jimmy came out ahead and felt very proud over it. About the middle of the forenoon they landed on a little round desert island, and had a wonderful lunch of yellow pears and "honey-pinks," for both children had filled their pockets before they started.

"Guess I can have a sunshade as well as you!" said Jimmy, breaking off a good leafy branch from one of the young birches on the bank as they set out for home again.

May was in at last, dolly, umbrella, story books and all, and Jimmy launched the boat with a great whoop that must have made the catbirds hide their heads. There was a fine breeze blowing right down stream, and Jimmy hoisted his "sunshade," and laughed to see what a time May was having to keep hers steady. All at once he gave a little cry. One of his oars had slipped out of his hand and was sliding along smoothly out of reach. He made a great jump for it and nearly went out of the boat, and then he tried to scull on with one oar, and get it that way. But it was too late.

"We shall be wrecked!" screamed May. "And it's all your fault!"

"Maybe we shall," said Jimmy cheerfully. "All we can do now is to put our sails up and let the wind blow us. Maybe somebody will see us and pick us up."

All would have gone well if the blue sky had stayed and not run away frightened by a big black cloud that made faces at her. As it was, the black cloud had it all its own way, and pretty soon spilled water by the bucketful and growled and flashed fire at the poor frightened children.

"I want to get home!" sobbed May. "Please, Lord, let us get home!"

And just then up came a little fishing boat and took them in, and it wasn't many minutes before they were climbing up the bank and sobbing in their own papa's arms, for he was down there looking for them.

"The dear Lord took care of you, my darlings!" said mamma.

"We forgot about that!" said Jimmy, looking shamefaced. "It was May that asked him."

"Beware lest thou forget the Lord!" said mamma. "It's a dreadful thing to have a short memory!"

### THE BLIND BOY'S MUSIC.

An incident of a peculiarly touching character occurred recently in one of the elevated railroad trains that brought tears to the eyes of the passengers. The train had just left One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street when the passengers saw entering the car a little boy about six years old, half carried by an older boy, evidently his brother. Both were well dressed, but at the first glance it was seen that the little fellow was blind. He had a pale, wan face, but was smiling. A quick look of sympathy passed over the faces of the passengers, and an old, gray-haired gentleman got up and gave his seat to the two. The "big brother," who was about eleven years old, tenderly lifted up the little blind boy and placed him on his knee.

"How's that?" he asked.

"Nice," said the little chap. "Where's my 'monica?"

This puzzled some of the passengers, and several turned to see what the child meant. But the "big brother" knew, and immediately drew out a small mouth harmonica, and placed it in the little fellow's hands. The little fellow took the instrument into his hands, ran it across his lips, and began to play softly, "Nearer, my God, to thee." Tears came into the eyes of the old gentleman who had given up his seat; and as the little fellow played on, running into the "Rock of Ages" and "Abide with Me," there were many moist eyes in the car.

The train rushed along; the passengers listened, and the little fellow played on tirelessly, never missing a note of "Annie Laurie" or "Home, Sweet Home." Finally the "big brother" leaned down and told the little one to get ready to leave, as the train was nearing their station. Then, as if he knew he had won a whole carload of friends, the blind boy quickly changed the "Suwanne River" into "Auld Lang Syne," and with one accord the passengers burst into a round of applause, while the "big brother" carried the little one out of the car.—*New York Times*.

If people generally were as apt to see virtues as they are to see mistakes, there would not be half as much faultfinding in the world as there is—nor in the church either.